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COMICS GROUP

AHH

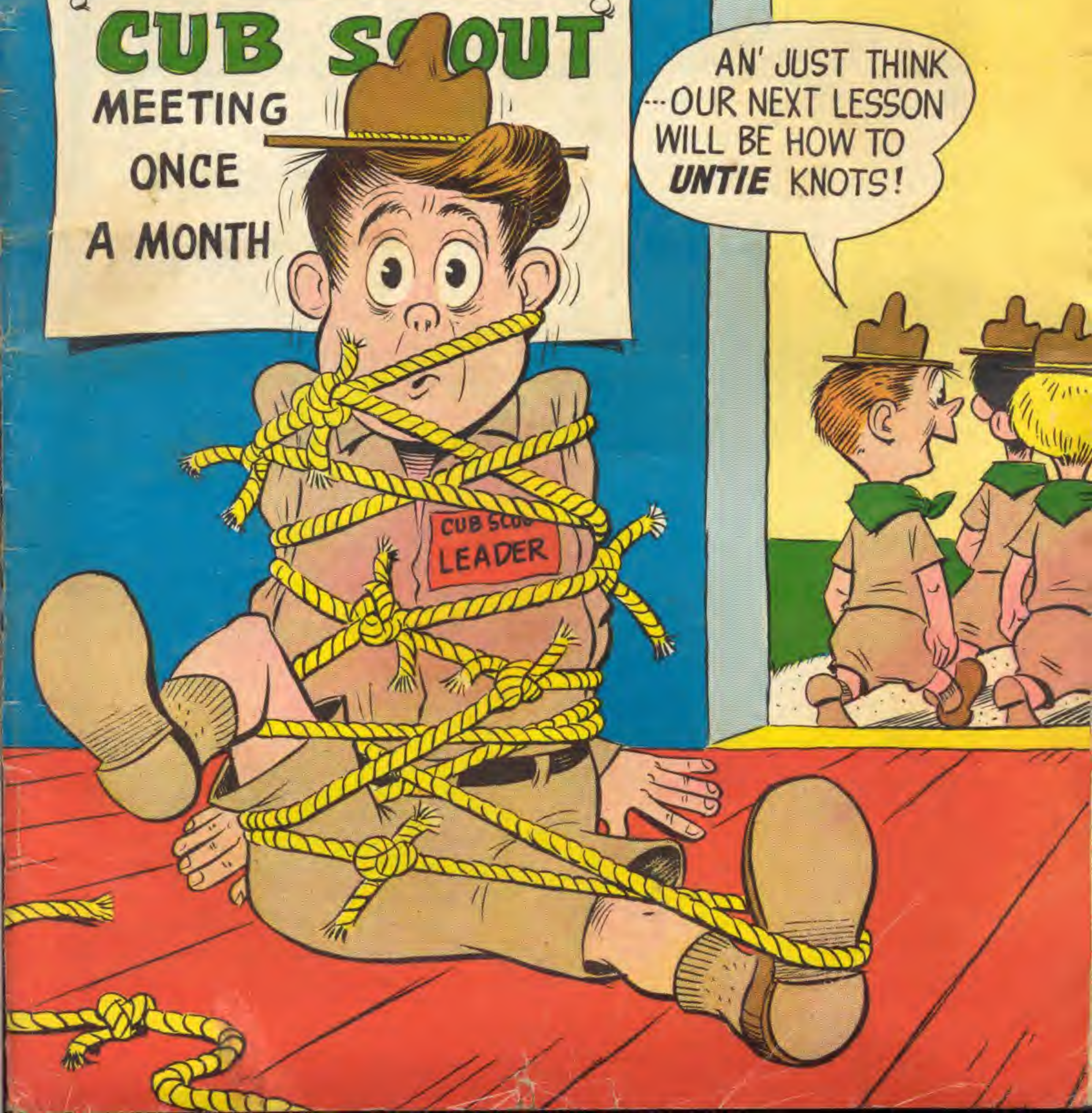
The FUNNIEST KID IN TOWN

COOKIE

10¢

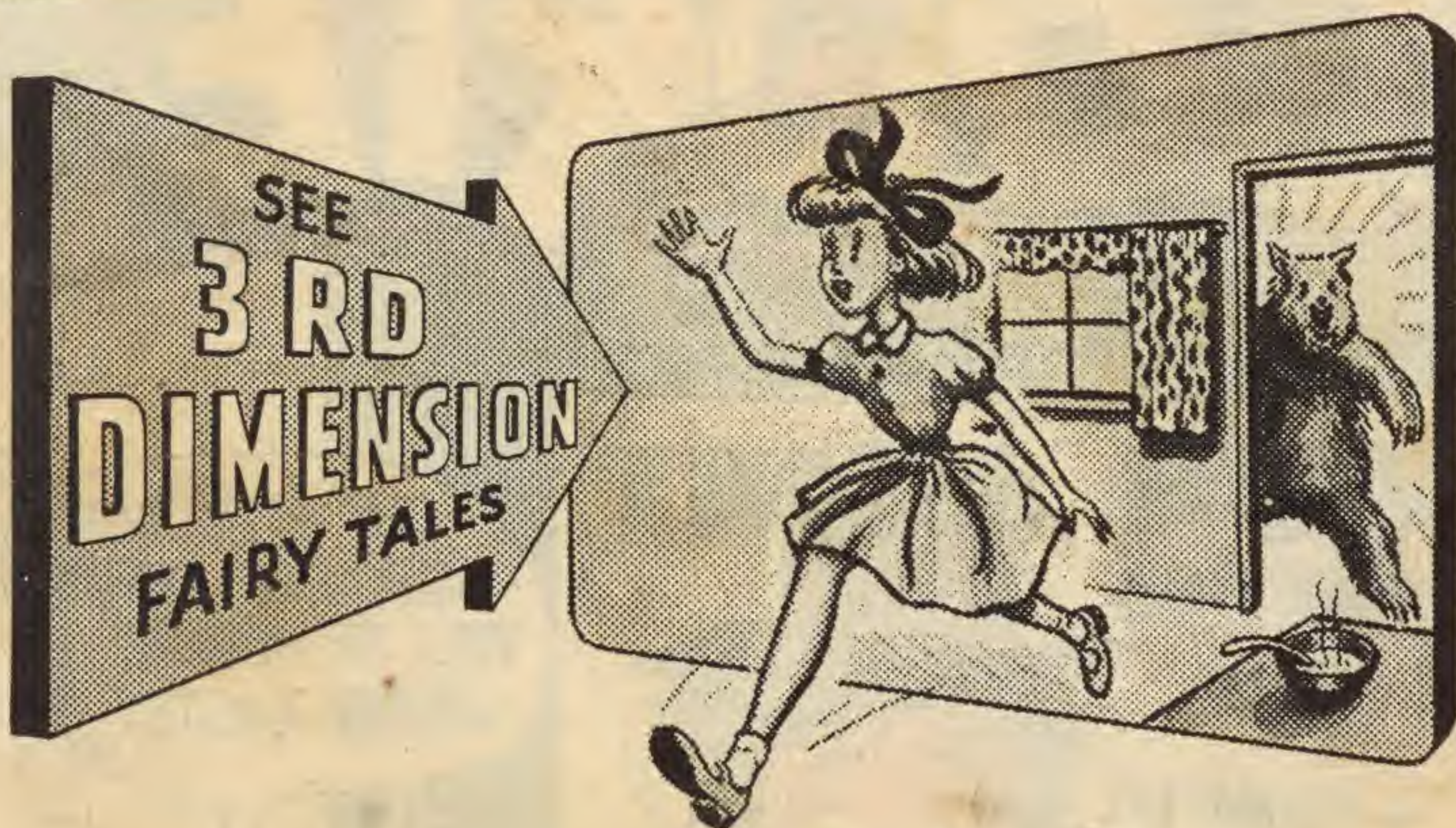
CUB SCOUT
MEETING
ONCE
A MONTH

AN' JUST THINK
...OUR NEXT LESSON
WILL BE HOW TO
UNTIE KNOTS!



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COOKIE



A-22

AS PRESIDENT, I'VE SECURED **JASMINE DUVAL**, THE BEAUTIFUL MODEL WHO'S JUST MOVED TO TOWN, AS **PROM QUEEN**! THIS TREASURE HUNT BUSINESS'LL GIVE US **PUBLICITY**! THE ONE WHO FOLLOWS ALL THE CLUES AND REACHES HER FIRST GETS THE HONOR O' DRAGGIN' HER TO THE HOP!



AND NOW-- ANY MORE BUSINESS?



WE GOTTA VOTE ON NEW PLEDGES! THE CANDIDATES I NOMINATED-- **COOKIE O'TOOLE AND JITTERBUCK JONES!**

WHAT? AS PRESIDENT OF THIS SOCIETY-- **I DON'T WANT THEM CRUMBUMS IN IT!**

YOU GOT A CHANCE TA VOTE AGAINST 'EM FAIRLY AN' SQUARELY! AFTER ALL JUST **ONE BLACKBALL**-- AN THEY'RE **OUT!**



GOLLY, JUST ONE **BLACK MARBLE** IN THAT **BALLOT BOX**-- AN' OUR PALS ARE **LICKED!**

AND SO, UNSEEN--THE MOMENT THE VOTING WAS OVER--



ANY BLACK MARBLES'D BE **ZOOT'S!**-- ONLY THAT HEEL WOULD VOTE AGAINST SUCH SWELL GUYS! THIS **WHITE INK** OUGHTA FIX THINGS!

HEH! YESSIR, I SURE TOOK CARE O' COOKIE AN' JIT!

ONLY WHITE MARBLES! COOKIE O'TOOLE AN' JITTERBUCK JONES ARE ELECTED MEMBERS OF THE CAMPUS STINKERS!



WHAT!?! WELL, I'LL BE---!!!

AND WHEN COOKIE AND JIT GOT THE NEWS--



WE'RE CAMPUS STINKERS! YEE-OWWW!

YAY! HURRAH! WHEE-EEE!



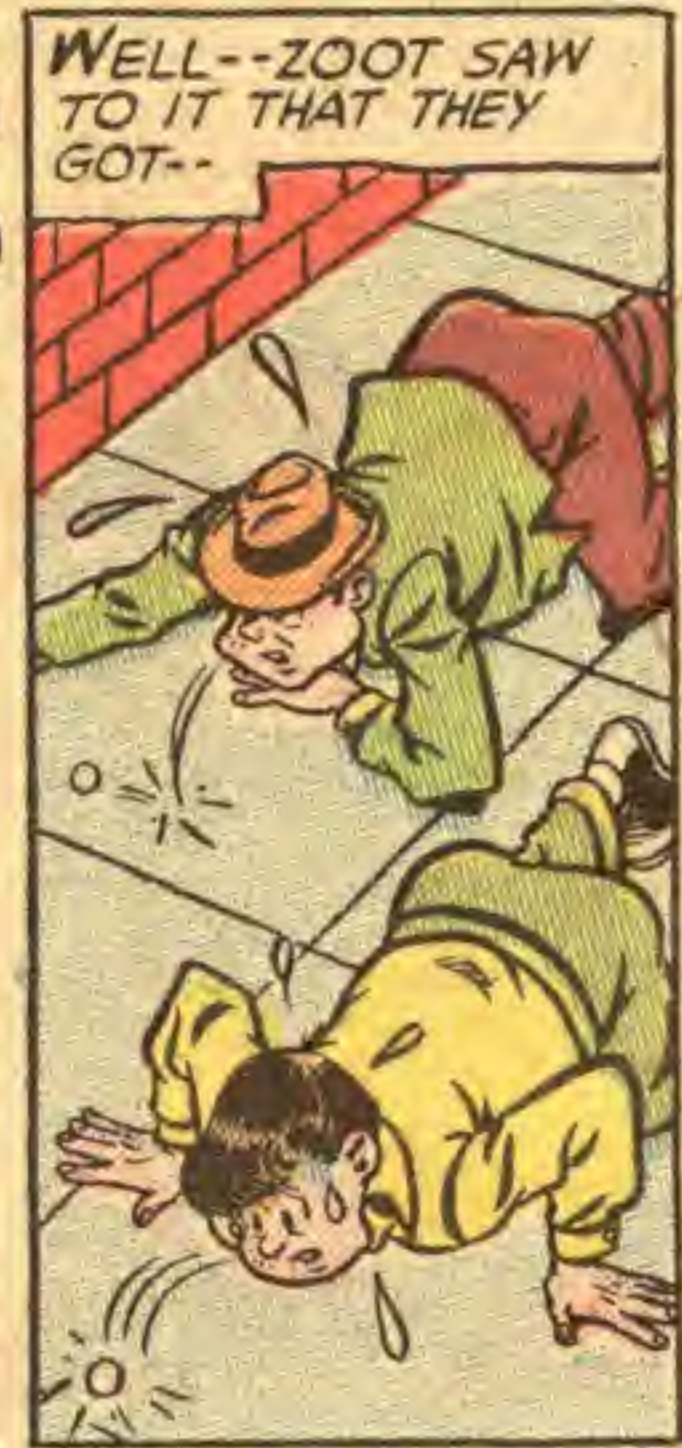
HOLD ON, JIT! I DON'T KNOW HOW WE EVER GOT PAST **ZOOT**, BUT HE'S STILL PRESIDENT-- AN' THEREFORE IN CHARGE OF THE **INITIATION!**

YEAH--AN' FER **US**, HE'S GONNA MAKE IT **PLENTY TOUGH!**



WE GOTTA SWEAR TA TAKE EVERY-THING HE DISHES OUT! WE GOTTA SWEAR IT ON OUR **ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP!**

REET, PETE! WE'LL SEE TO IT THROUGH TA THE BITTER END!



WELL--ZOOT SAW TO IT THAT THEY GOT--

THE WORKS!



I NEVER BEEN KISSED

ME NEITHER



FINALLY--THE LAST TEST--

A NEW FEMINE STUDENT OF GOOD OL' HARELIP HIGH HAS GENEROUSLY VOLUNTEERED HER SERVICES TA HELP US! **STEP FORWARD, MY LOVELY YOUNG CHICK!**



CAMPUS STINKERS ARE ALL GREAT LOVERS-- AND YOU NEOPHYTES MUST PROVE YER PROWESS BY KISSING THIS SWEET DOLL!

NOT BAD! WOW!





OKAY, LOVER BOYS!

OH NO!



WAIT--WE SWORE ON OUR FRIENDSHIP TA SEE IT THROUGH! BUT YOU FIRST, JIT!

NO-- YOU FIRST!



WHO CAN BOTHER WAITING?

I CAN USE THIS PICTURE!



NOPE--NOT EXACTLY MY TYPE! I'LL TRY THIS ONE!

H-HELP!



DING DONG TOOT TOOT



KEEP--KEEP HER BACK! ONE STEP FURTHER, AN' I'LL JUMP!

LEMME AT 'IM!

AND SO THE INITIATION CONCLUDED--WITH COOKIE AND JIT ACCREDITED MEMBERS OF THE CAMPUS STINKERS! BUT ZOOT STILL HAD ANOTHER TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE--



YOU KNOW I'D NEVER GO TO THE PROM WITH ANYONE BUT COOKIE!

ANGELPUSS, I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT SO MUCH OF YA THAT I COULDN'T BEAR TA HURT YA BY PROVIN' THAT COOKIE WAS A TWO-TIMER! BUT THIS TIME, MY DANDER'S UP! I GOT SOMETHIN' TA SHOW YA!



YOU'VE HEARD OF THAT GORGEOUS MISS DUVAL, HAVEN'T YA? WELL -- THAT'S HER!



SO! COOKIE THINKS HE'S GOING TO TAKE ME TO THE PROM--AFTER THIS! I'M GOING, ALL RIGHT-- BUT IT'LL BE WITH YOU, ZOOT!

AND NOW LET'S LOOK IN ON JITTERBUCK!



I'M A **CAMPUS STINKER**, I RATE THE **BEST**-- AN' IT'S GONNA BE YOU, MY DARLIN' JASMINE!

HUH?



I'M THE GUY THAT'S GONNA FIND THE TREASURE--YOU-- AN' BE YER ESCORT AT THE PROM! YESSIR, THIS IS THE **NEW JITTERBUCK**--WHO'S GONNA TEACH YA **WOT ROMANCE IS LIKE!**

THIS I GOTTA SEE! HAW-HAW!



HO-HO! IT'S-- GONNA BE YOU, MY DARLIN' JASMINE! I'M GONNA-- **HA-HA-HA--** TEACH YA WOT **ROMANCE** IS LIKE!

DON'T BLOW YER TOP, JIT! BE CALM--CONTROL YERSELF-- AFTER ALL, HE'S YER **LIFETIME FRIEND!**



JIT AN' JASMINE-- THAT'S A TWO-- SOME I GOTTA **SEE!** WAIT'LL **ANGELPUSS** HEARS ABOUT THIS! **HAW-HAW-HAW!!**

MY PAL! JUST ONE MORE CRACK OUTA HIM --**ONE MORE--**

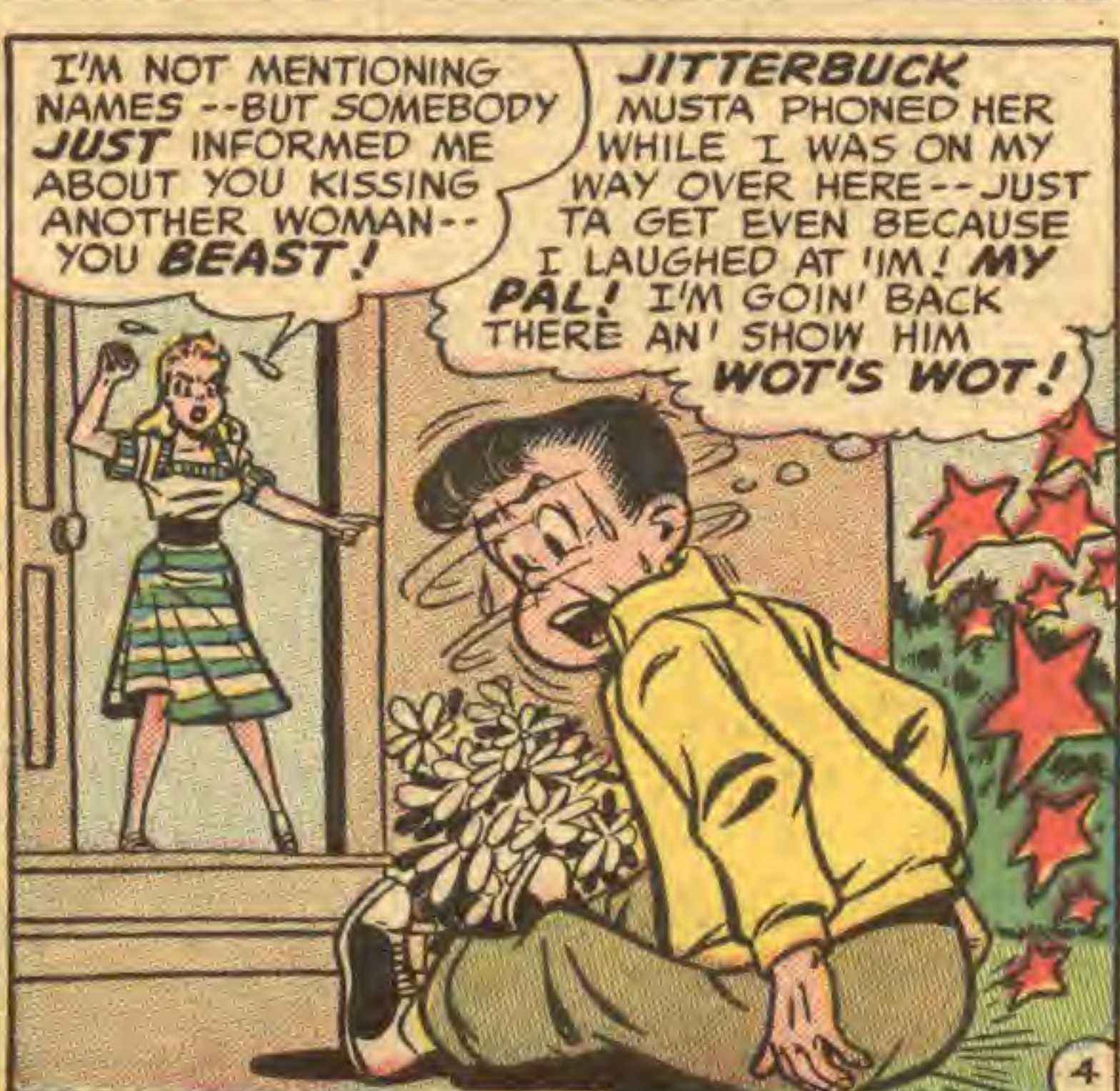


HIYA, ANGELPUSS HONEY! WAIT'LL YA HEAR THE NEWS ABOUT--

I'VE ALREADY HEARD IT!



I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOUR TREACHERY, YOUR WORM! DON'T EVER DARE SET FOOT IN THIS HOUSE AGAIN!



I'M NOT MENTIONING NAMES --BUT SOMEBODY **JUST** INFORMED ME ABOUT YOU KISSING ANOTHER WOMAN-- YOU **BEAST!**

JITTERBUCK MUSTA PHONED HER WHILE I WAS ON MY WAY OVER HERE-- JUST TA GET EVEN BECAUSE I LAUGHED AT 'IM! **MY PAL!** I'M GOIN' BACK THERE AN' SHOW HIM **WOT'S WOT!**



AS PREPARATIONS PROCEEDED FOR THE BIG PROM---



CAME THE DAY OF THE PROM--AND THE BIG TREASURE-HUNT WAS ON!



AS THE GREAT TREASURE-HUNT PROCEEDED---





COOKIE!
--WELL,
I'LL LOSE
YA PRONTO
--**BENEDICT
ARNOLD!**



**BUT COOKIE WASN'T TO BE SHAKEN FROM
THE TRAIL THAT EASILY---**





GOLLY!

JEEPERS!



SPLASH!

NOW THE BLOOD OF A JONES WAS UP! DOGGEDLY, JITTER-
BUCK FOLLOWED THE THIRD
CLUE-- ONLY TO FIND--



GULP!



P-PARDON ME, MA'AM--
D-DID YOU SEE ANYTHIN' OF
A PAPER MARKED **FOURTH**
CLUE?



YEAH!
OVER
THERE!

URP!
NOT YOU
AGAIN!

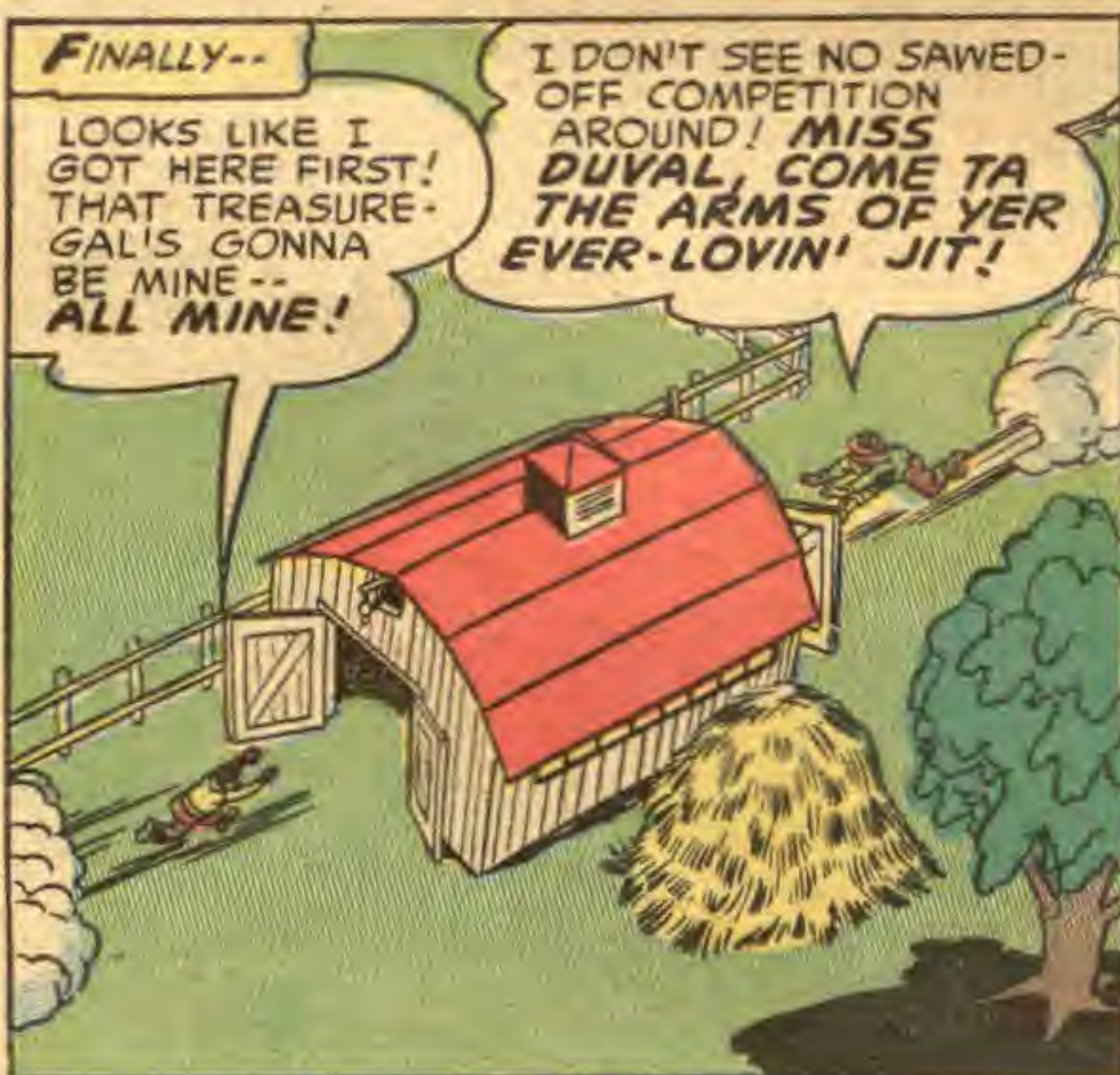
AND MOMENTS LATER---



OUT, YOU
TRESPASSERS!

WE'LL
TEACH YOU!

COME
BACK AND
FIGHT!



FINALLY--

LOOKS LIKE I
GOT HERE FIRST!
THAT TREASURE-
GAL'S GONNA
BE MINE--
ALL MINE!

I DON'T SEE NO SAWED-
OFF COMPETITION
AROUND! **MISS**
DUVAL, COME TA
THE ARMS OF YER
EVER-LOVIN' JIT!



GET BACK,
YOU! SHE'S
MINE!

HANDS OFF--
SHE'S
MINE!

MISS DUVAL
YOUR TREASURE
GIRL
CONGRATULATIONS



YOU DEAR BOYS!
I BELONG TO BOTH
OF YOU!

IT C-CAN'T
BE! I'M
DREAMIN'
THIS!

THEN
I GOT
THE SAME
NIGHT-
MARE!



GIMME
ROOM!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND,
YOU DARLINGS? YOU'VE BOTH
WON ME, SO I'M GOING TO
THE PROM WITH BOTH
OF YOU!

OUTA
MY
WAY!



B-BUT
MISS
DUVAL--
IN THAT
BOX!

--SHE
WAS
SUPPOSED
TA BE
--PANSY
DUVAL! YOU
MUST MEAN MY
OLDER SISTER
JASMINE, THE
MODEL!



I JUST ENROLLED IN HARELIP
HIGH, AND AS A FELLOW-
STUDENT, I'M SURE YOU'D
MUCH RATHER HAVE ME THAN
MY SILLY OLD SISTER! --
RIGHT?

R-RIGHT!
OH-MHH



AND SO, AT LAST--THE CAMPUS
STINKERS' PROM--

THIS-- THIS IS
THE FIRST TIME
I'VE EVER BEEN
TO AN AFFAIR
LIKE THIS
WITHOUT
COOKIE!
IT--FEELS
KINDA FUNNY,
ZOOT!

DON'T
GIVE IT A
THOUGHT,
ANGELPUSS! YER
LUCKY TA BE
THROUGH WITH
THAT TRAITOR AN'
HAVE AN HONEST,
UPRIGHT, HANDSOME,
STRONG GUY LIKE
ME FER YER PASH-
PIE!



LA-DEEZ- AND
GENTLEMEN! IN THE
ABSENCE OF HER
SISTER, THE NEW
PROM QUEEN, MISS
PANSY DUVAL, IS
NOW ENTERING WITH
HER TWO ESCORTS--
COOKIE O'TOOLE AND
JITTERBUCK JONES!



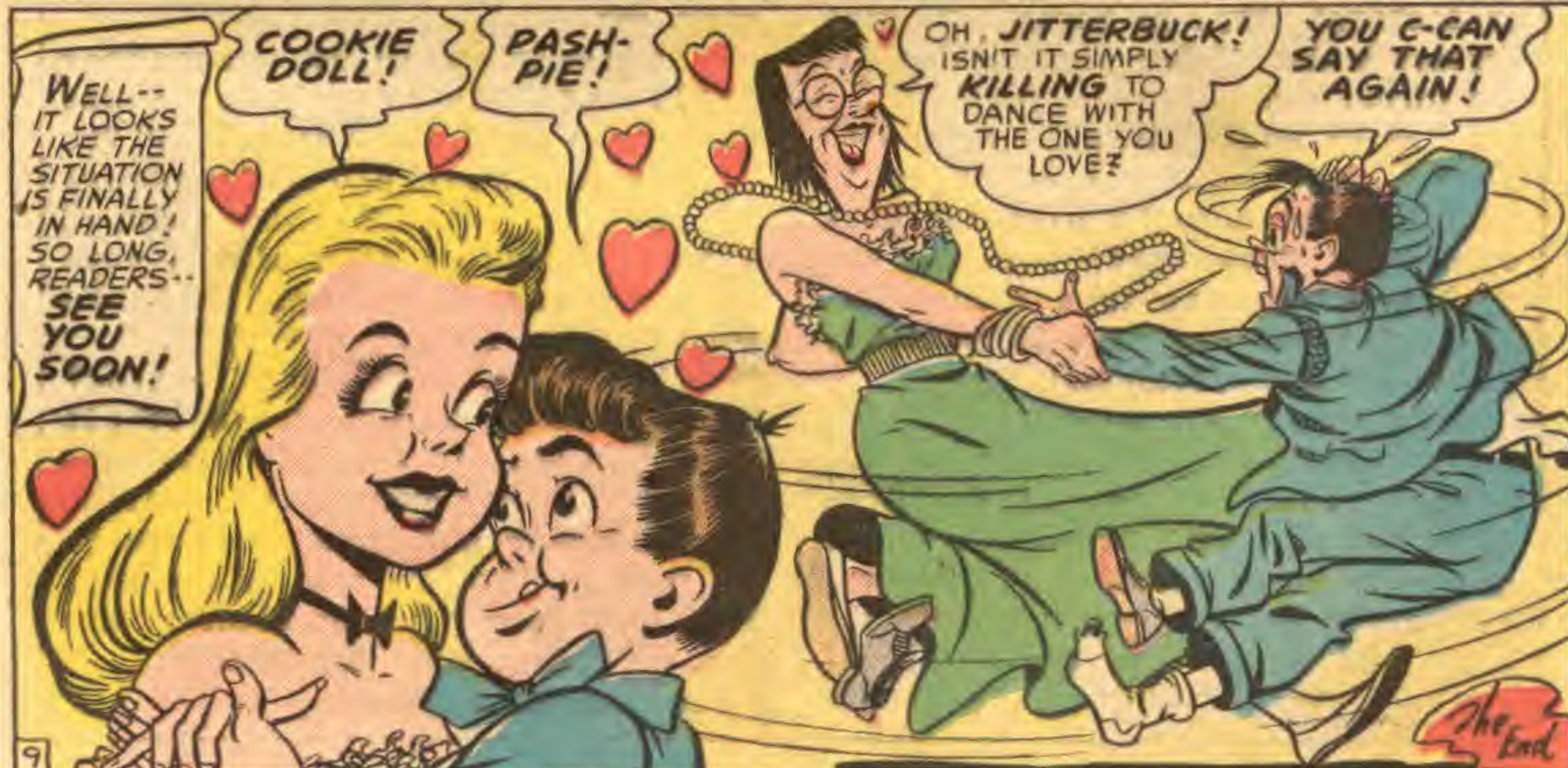
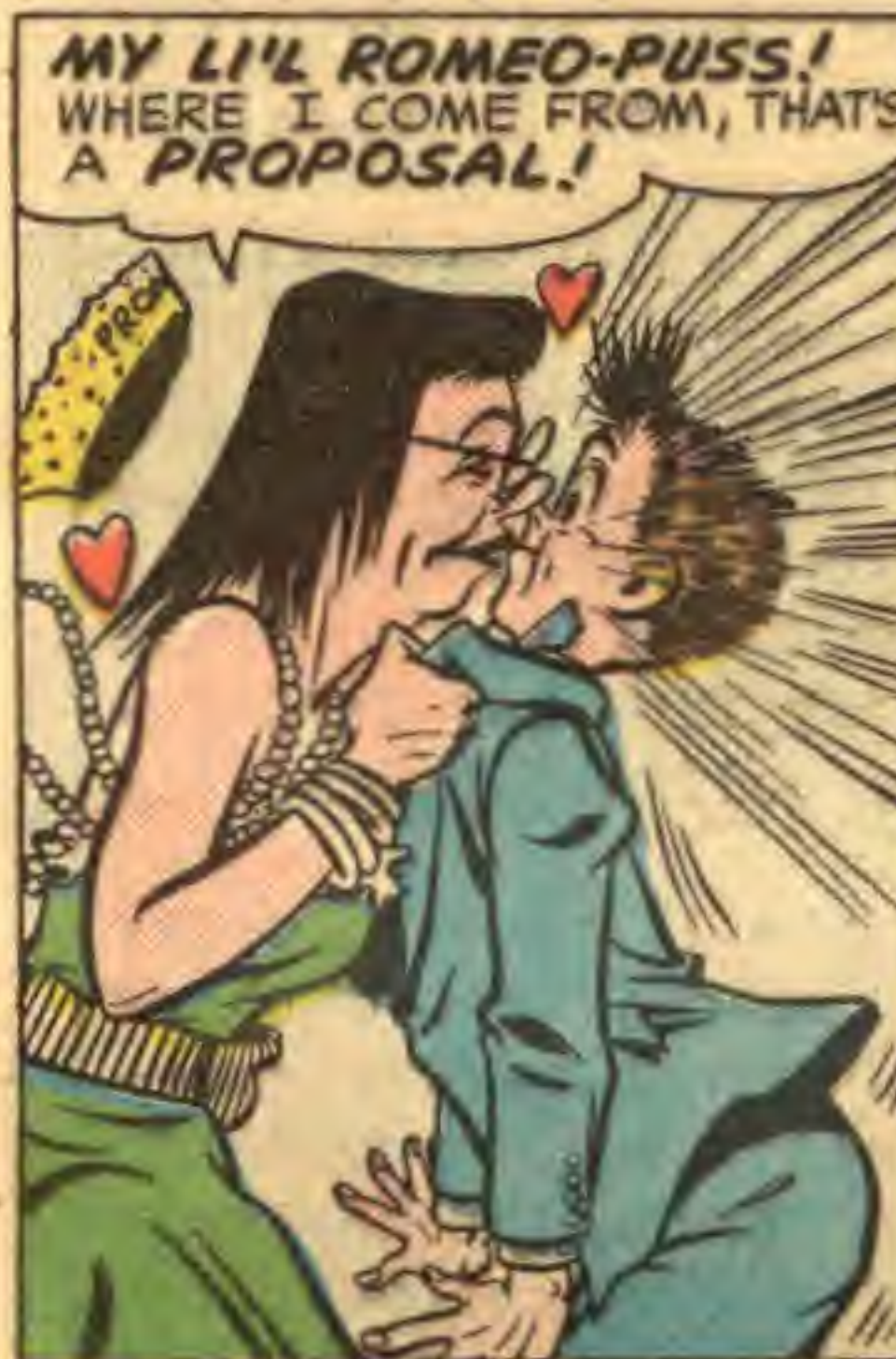
HAW HAW HAW!
DIDJA EVER
SEE SUCH
A SIGHT!
ZOWIE!



LOOKIT
THAT RAT
ZOOT--
WITH MY
GIRL!

HIM? HE'S THE GUY WHO
GOT ME IN ON THAT
INITIATION--AND THEN
ASKED ME TA SUBSTITUTE
FOR MY SISTER JASMINE
AS THE TREASURE-GIRL! HE
SAID SOMETHING I DIDN'T
UNDERSTAND-- THAT SINCE
HE SPOILED THINGS FOR
YOU WITH ANGELPUSS, HE
MIGHT AS WELL
FINISH
THE JOB!

PROM QUEEN



AND THE **SOURPUSS**

EVERYBODY SAID THAT Mr. Grumacher was the biggest sourpuss in the world. Everybody that worked for him, that is! Louella heard it seven times the day that she came to work at the office.

"Beware of Mr. Grumacher," she was told. "He never smiles!"

"Mr. Grumacher is a hard boss to please. He has no sense of humor!"

"Mr. Grumacher expects thorough, complete and absolute efficiency from his employees, so watch your step!"

All of this made Louella pretty nervous, because Louella herself was an easy-going, smiling sort of girl who *liked* people! She'd liked Mr. Grumacher's looks, thinking he was rather handsome in a dark, reserved way. In fact, why try to conceal it? Louella had thought Mr. Grumacher was *darned* attractive and had hoped to make a fast but lasting impression on him. And now, to be told all this!

"Is he *really* such a tyrant?" she asked Miss Furbish, whose desk was next to hers.

"He certainly is! Not that he *does* anything mean, exactly, but it's the way he acts...so *inhuman*, like an iceberg! Why, he never..." Miss Furbish broke off her sentence hastily and turned pink.

"Never *what*?" Louella wanted to know. But, as she glanced up to find Mr. Grumacher's piercing dark eyes upon them, she, too, turned pink and began to type furiously. If efficiency was what he admired, she'd show him efficiency!

The longer Mr. Grumacher stood there, the harder and faster Louella typed. Yes, indeed, if Mr. Grumacher's heart beat faster for a girl who was a super-demon of efficiency, then she'd be it! Faster and faster her fingers flew and then...click!

"Oh, dear," Louella murmured,

her heart sinking. The typewriter ribbon had torn off the little hook that held it and sprung out of place. And if there was anything she couldn't do, that was changing a typewriter ribbon!

With Mr. Grumacher's eyes still on her, she reached reluctantly into a desk drawer for a new ribbon. Then, she attempted to lift the old one out of the machine. It seemed to leap nastily from her fingers, smudging them before it uncoiled itself on the floor.

"Oh, dear!" Louella said again, brushing her smudged fingers across her aching forehead and leaving a wide track of ribbon ink on her cute face. She bent to pick up the ribbon on the floor and the new one, sliding from her lap, unrolled itself, half-way around the office.

The harder she tried, the worse it got! The ribbons twined themselves about her ankles and somehow, in a fiendish way, around her neck! She had smudges on her arms and cheeks and the end of one ribbon hung in a coy loop around her right ear.

Suddenly, with Mr. Grumacher still watching her, Louella was angry! "Oh!" she wailed. "You...you and your old efficiency! If not for you..." She stamped a foot, bringing it smashing down on a typewriter spool that had rolled to the floor.

Then...Mr. Grumacher laughed! He laughed so hard, he had to sit down...on Louella's desk! Even Miss Furbish, in her amazement, admitted he was downright handsome when he laughed. "You're the cutest girl I've ever seen," he chuckled. "Are you, by chance, free for lunch?"

By chance...she *was*!

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—right in the tank.

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—exclusive with Roadmaster.
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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NAME OF BICYCLE DEALER _____

HIS ADDRESS _____

That BOY'S DELICATE!

HE'S ALWAYS TIRED AND CAN'T EAT A THING AT MEALS! I TELL YOU, DOCTOR, THAT BOY'S DELICATE!

HMM...HE SEEMS NORMAL ENOUGH! WHATEVER IT WAS, YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND HE'S GOTTEN OVER IT! HE CAN GO OUT NOW!



JUST TAKE A CAREFUL WALK, ALFIE DARLING! TRY TO WORK UP A LITTLE APPETITE ...BUT DON'T DO ANYTHING TO STRAIN YOURSELF!

OKAY, MA!

HEY, HERE'S ALFIE! HI, ALFIE!

WE HEARD YOU WERE SICK!

WHO, ME? NEVER BETTER IN MY LIFE!

AND ALFIE PROCEEDED TO PROVE IT...



...AND KEPT ON PROVING IT...



UNTIL...

WHEE-EEEE!

ALL OF A SUDDEN... I'M NOT FEELIN' SO GOOD!



SO...

A FINE DOCTOR YOU ARE, TELLING ME THAT ALFIE WAS ALL RIGHT! HE'S SO TIRED HE CAN HARDLY MOVE A MUSCLE...AND HE CAN'T EAT A THING! IT'S LIKE I SAID... THAT BOY'S DELICATE!



The END!

Beboop Bobby

WAIT'LL BIVONA
BLASTS THAT ALTO
SAX! THE *GREATEST*,
BOY! THE *MOST*!
IT'S NERVOUS!
NERVOUS!

GO, MAN! GO
CRAZY GO!



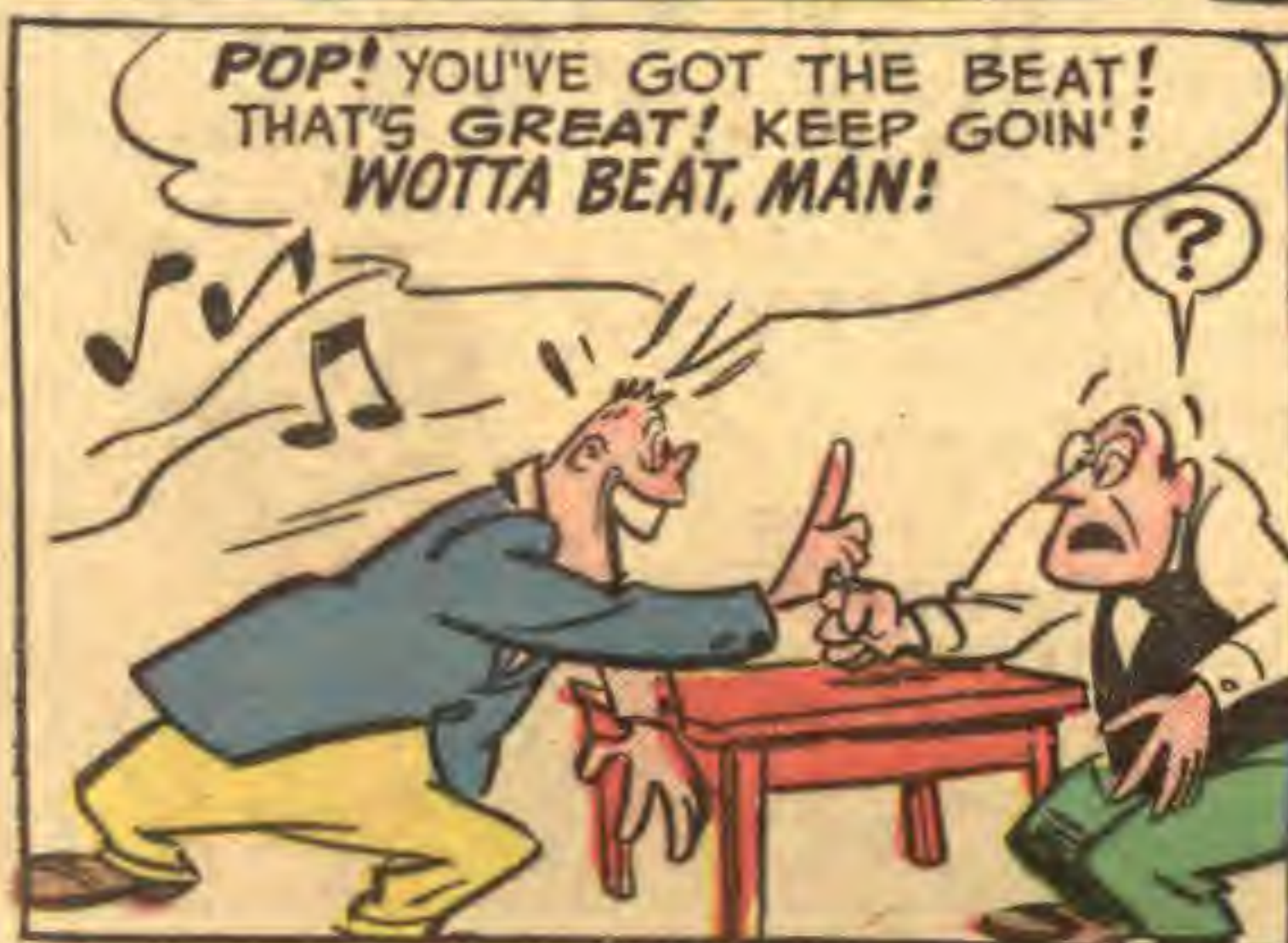
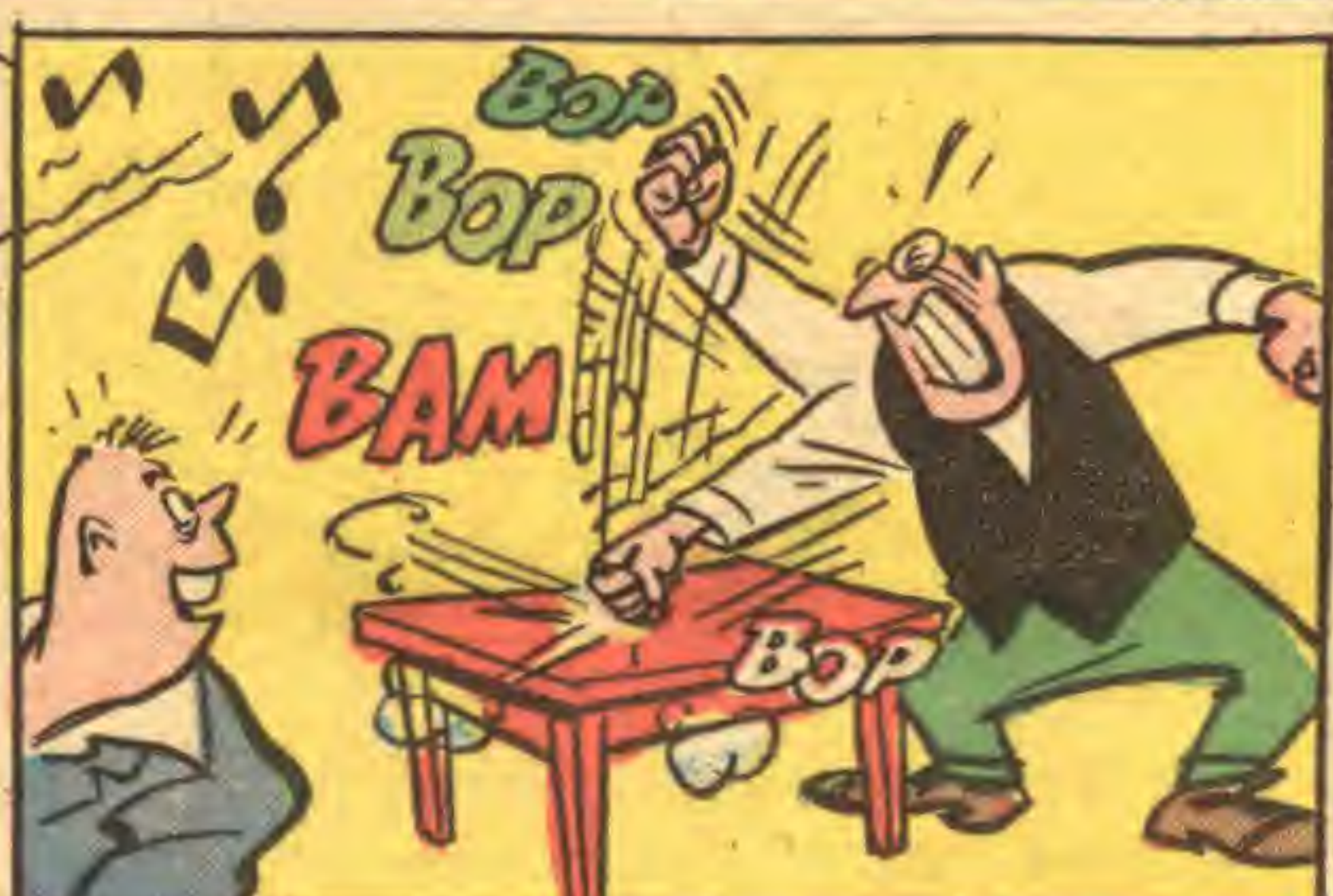
GET READY TO LISTEN! WE'RE ALMOST
TO THE PART WHERE BIVONA TAKES THE
SAX SOLO! LISTEN, NOW... **LISTEN!**

HOLY SMOKE!
HOW COULD ANY-
ONE KEEP FROM
LISTENING TO
THAT?



THERE HE GOES!





DIG! DIG! YES! YES! THAT'S IT! HA-HA-HA-HA---I'LL DIG! I'LL DIG A HOLE SIX FEET DEEP AND BURY THE WHOLE THING!



WHACK!

--- BUT FIRST, I'VE GOT TO KILL IT!

POP! WAIT!



THERE!

HOLY COW! YOU'VE WRECKED OUR RECORD PLAYER!



I CERTAINLY HAVE! AND WHAT'S MORE, THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER ONE IN THIS HOUSE! IT ALMOST DROVE ME CRAZY!

BUT... BUT... BUT POP...



WE CATS LOVE MODERN JAZZ MUSIC! SO HOW'LL WE GET OUR MUSICAL KICKS NOW?

I DON'T KNOW AND I DON'T CARE---BUT IT WON'T BE ON A RECORD PLAYER!



JEEPERS, BOBBY, YOUR POP REALLY FLIPPED HIS CAP!

YEAH...FOR SOME REASON, HE DOESN'T LIKE RECORDS OR RECORD PLAYERS!



WELL, I GUESS THAT'S THE END OF OUR MUSICAL ENJOYS! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD THAT HAD PLATTERS AND A SPINNER FOR 'EM!

THAT'S THE WAY THE BIG BALL BOUNCES, I GUESS!



HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! MY POP SAID HE DIDN'T CARE HOW WE GOT OUR MUSIC, AS LONG AS IT WASN'T ON A RECORD PLAYER, DIDN'T HE?

YEAH, HE SAID JUST THAT! BUT WHAT OTHER WAY IS THERE TO GET MUSIC?





Could You Use \$1,000,000?

We'd like to hand you the million
—but that's impossible—But your
HEALTH is worth a million!
And **WE CAN MAKE YOU**
HEALTHY!



LOSE UGLY FAT
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TO SKINNY FRAMES!



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★ **SO SIMPLE! SO EASY!** No nailing on walls—No crawling on floors! No swinging from ceilings—no lengthy correspondence courses! A few minutes a day in a *lazy man's way* rids you of that run-down, tired feeling — gives you the **PEP and FORCE OF PERSONALITY** to force ahead to **SUCCESS!**

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USES
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GYM!**

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The **GAL** with **KNOW-HOW!**

ALTHOUGH ANGELINA HAD been with the Nationwide Car and Truck Company for less than a week, she had already put three slips of paper into the office suggestion box. Each suggestion was exactly the same as the others. "I suggest," Angelina had typed, "that you give me a raise. A big one!"

To her extreme irritation, this excellent suggestion had been ignored. In fact, Mr. Pullmotor, the big boss, did not even seem to be aware of her existence!

Now, when Angelina became annoyed or angry, she did not sulk or pout about it in some quiet corner. Angelina was the kind of girl who took action! And so, having by her own estimation given Mr. Pullmotor plenty of time to raise her salary, she had come to a decision!

"Slips of paper in the suggestion box are not enough! I'll just have to see him in person!"

Brushing up her curls and pulling down her sweater, Angelina made her high-heeled way to the great doors marked "Mr. Pullmotor. Private." Without a moment's hesitation, she yanked the doors open and marched in, past three receptionists, to Mr. Pullmotor's very own door.

There were loud, angry voices coming from the great man's office, but Angelina felt that was none of her business. Opening the door, she stepped inside and announced brightly, "I'm Angelina Quigley and I've come to ask for a raise!"

Mr. Pullmotor stopped yelling at another man and yelled at Angelina instead. "Whoever you are, get out!" he shouted. "I haven't time for such nonsense!"

"I tell you that truck I bought from you won't start!" the other man shouted at Mr. Pullmotor.

"Suppose we go outside and take a look at it, Mr. Ferris," yelled Mr. Pullmotor.

Angelina found herself yelling, too, as she followed the two men out of the office and into the courtyard outside. "I just told you who I am!" she screamed.

"Go away!" Mr. Pullmotor advised her. "Now, about this truck! I don't see anything wrong with it." He was in the driver's seat, fiddling with the starting apparatus. "You probably don't know how to handle ..."

"I don't know! I run a fleet of trucks and let me tell you this! If you can't get this truck started in three minutes, I'll never place another order with Nationwide again! I'll sue you! I'll..."

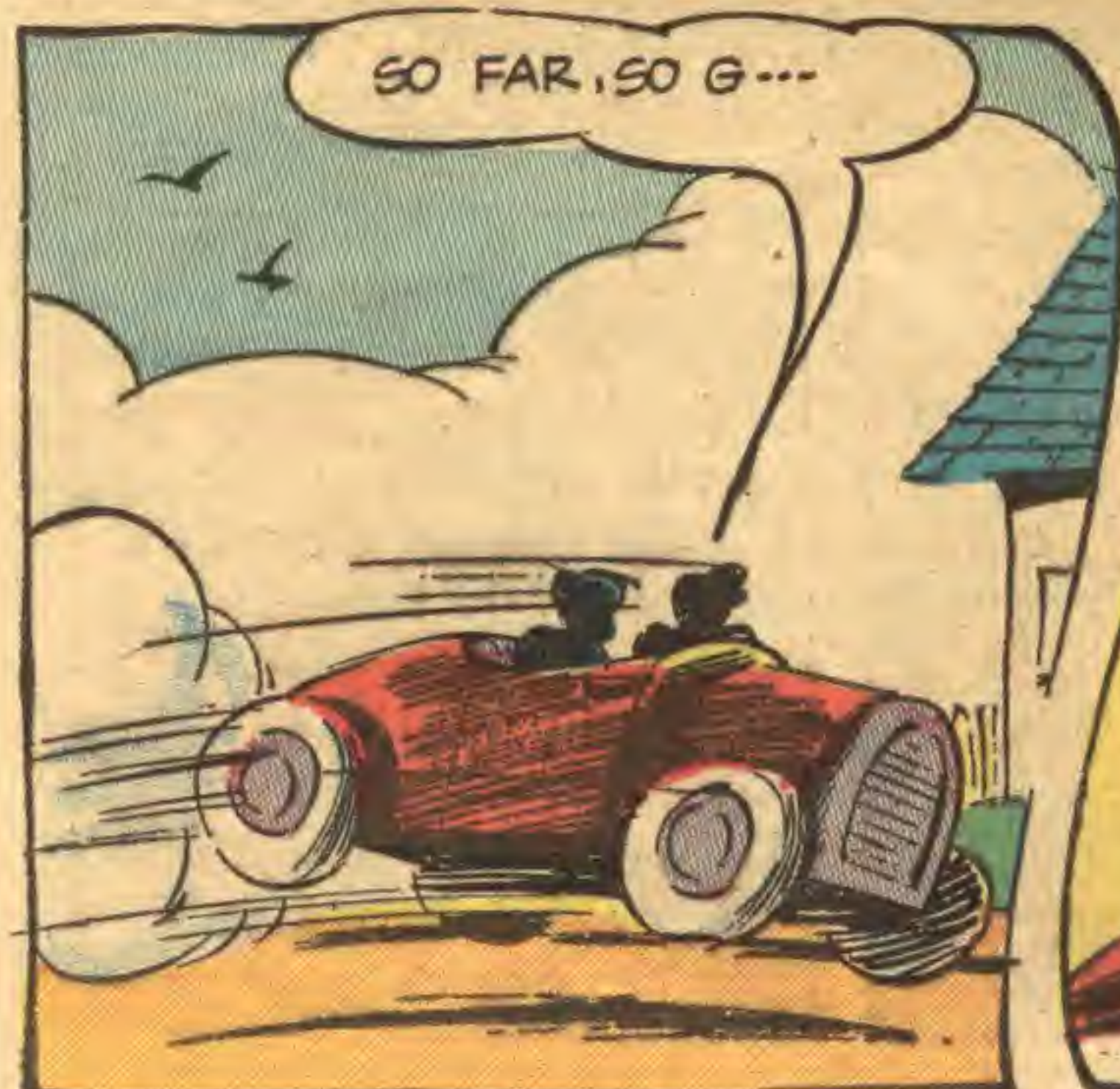
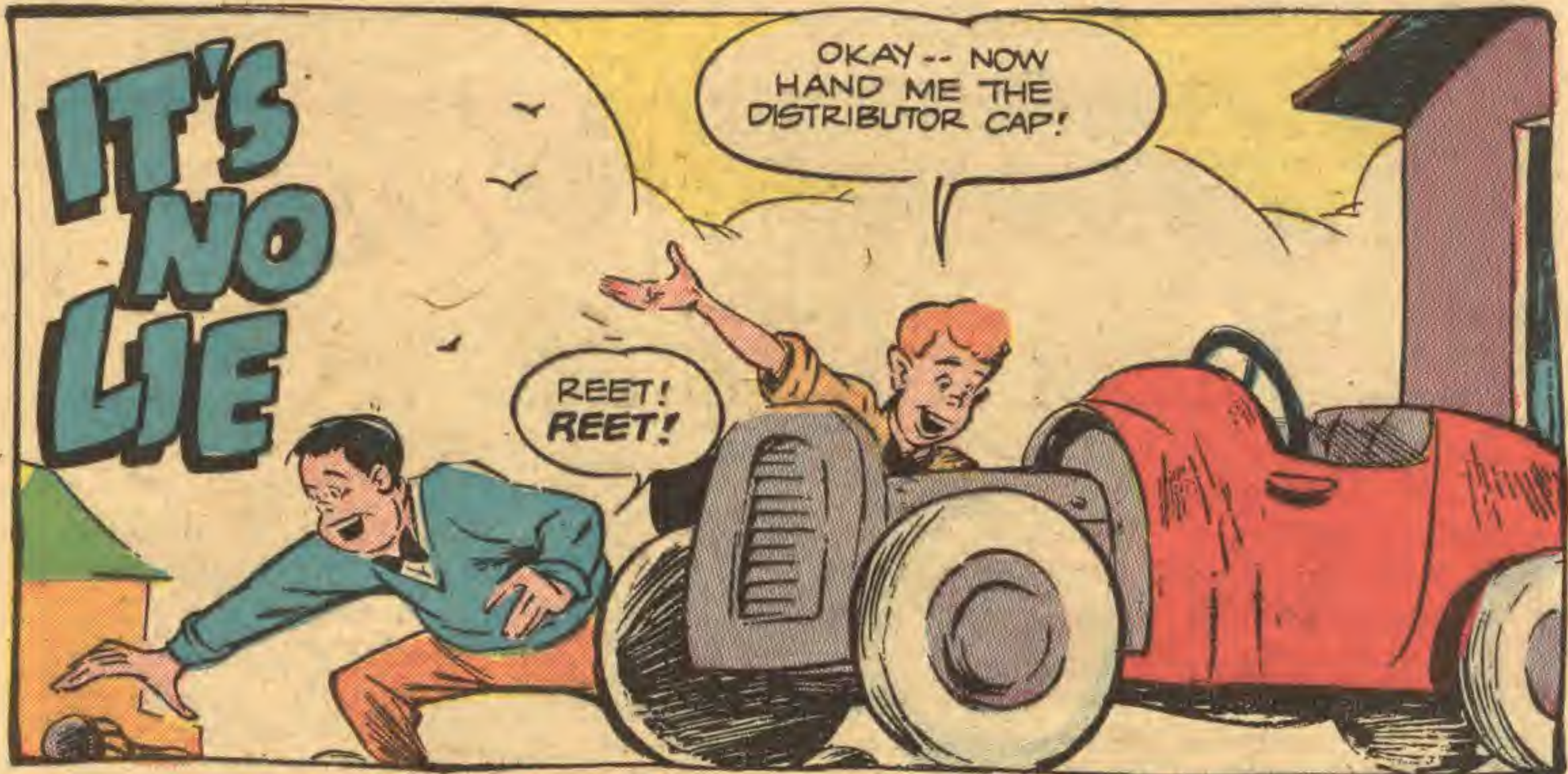
"Hmmm..." Angelina stepped forward. "Daddy used to have an old truck something like this and when it wouldn't start, I always knew what to do!"

"Go away!" hissed Mr. Pullmotor. "You knew what to do! I'm a graduate engineer, an expert! And you stand there and tell me..."

Raising one shapely leg, Angelina took careful aim and kicked, high and hard, at the front of the truck. There was a loud clank and then...a smooth purring sound. The truck had started!

"Well!" howled Mr. Ferris admiringly. "Whatever they pay you here, I'll double!"

"I'll triple!" Mr. Pullmotor yelled. "I'll take the highest offer," shouted Angelina.



ALL RIGHT! PULL OVER, SONNY!

HUH? WHAT AM I DOIN' **WRONG**, OFFICER? I'M NOT EXCEEDIN' THE STATE SPEED LIMIT!

NO, BUT YOU WERE EXCEEDING THE **CITY** SPEED LIMIT!

BUT I **COULDN'T** HAVE! THE CITY LIMITS ARE **BACK THERE** A HALF MILE!

THEY **USED** TO BE! NOW THEY'RE UP **THERE** A MILE!

WELL --- OKAY! I'LL LET YOU GO **THIS** TIME!

BUT, JEEPERS, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY'D CHANGED THEM, OFFICER! **HONEST** I DIDN'T!

OH, **THANK** YOU, SIR!

A few minutes later...

THAT KID AGAIN, AND HE'S **WAY** INSIDE THE CITY LIMITS **THIS** TIME!

ZOOM

WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE **THIS** TIME? I SUPPOSE YOU'RE A **FIRE ENGINE** GOING TO A **FIRE**!

NO, SIR!

I'M A **FIRE** GOING TO A **FIRE ENGINE**!

WHAT? WHY, YOU **YOUNG SMART** ALEC, I---!

AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, **LOOK!** HERE'S THE **FIRE** NOW! ALL I NEED IS A **FIRE ENGINE**!



NEW! FAST-ACTION PRO BASEBALL GAME



ACTION!

You get pitching, batting and base running in this game. And you get fast action!

JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE PLAY

You pitch to the batter - a fast ball, a straight ball, a curve. Does the batter hit or take? That's up to him. But the game is on - and you play it like big league ball - every inning.

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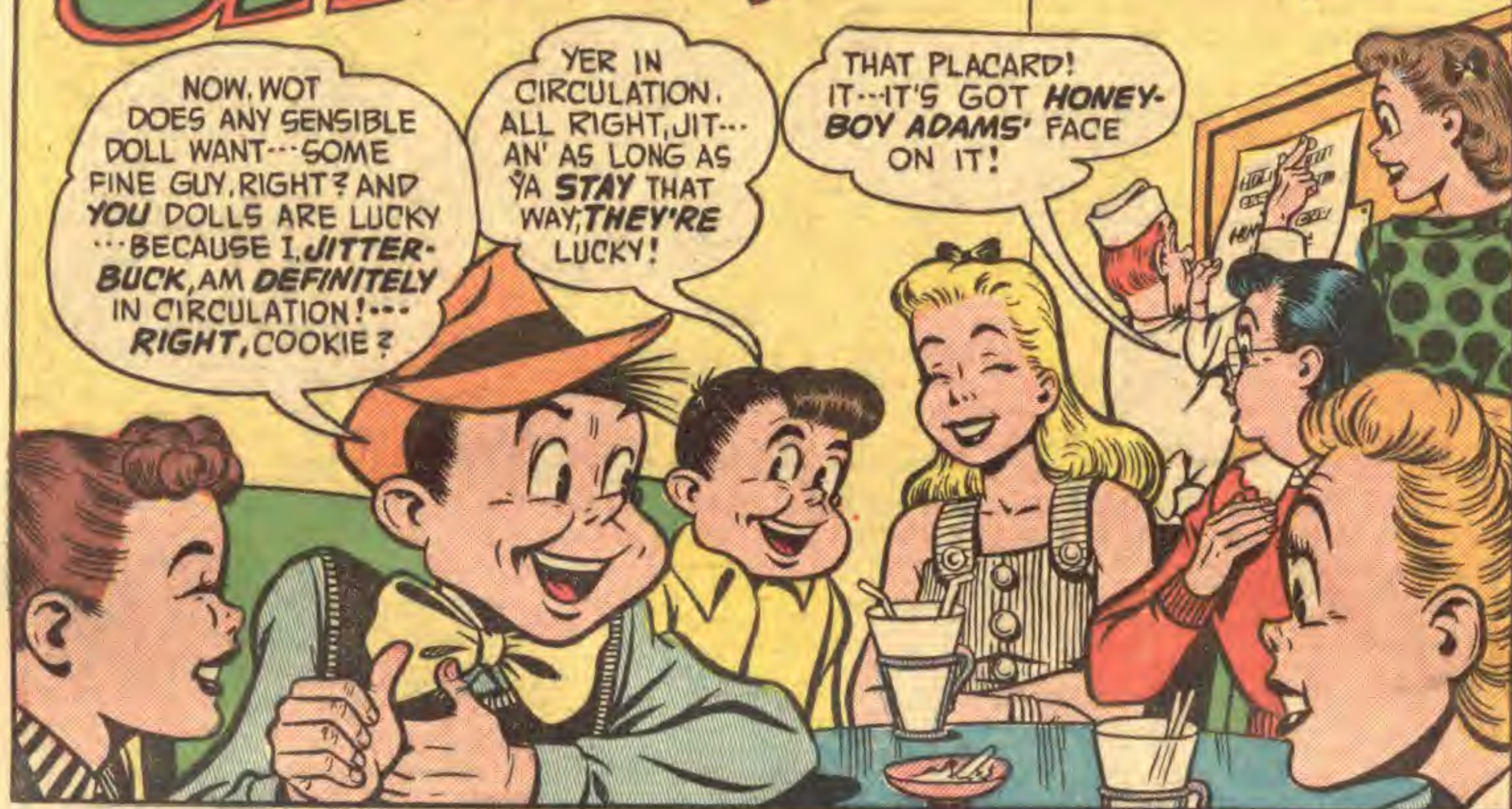
Please send me Pro Baseball game on your money-back guarantee offer.

Name

Address

City State

COOKIE'S FRIEND JITTERBUCK



LUCKY? LET'S LOOK IN ON HOLLYWOOD... WHERE HONEYBOY ADAMS IS HAVING A TYPICAL DAY...



AND LATER---A MOMENTOUS DECISION!

I TELL YA I CAN'T **STAND** IT ANYMORE! I GOTTA SLIP AWAY TO MY LITTLE MOUNTAIN HIDE-OUT FOR A **VACATION**, OR I'LL BLOW MY TOP!

HEY---WOTTA CHANCE FOR A PUBLICITY GAG! I'LL GIVE OUT A STORY THAT YOU'VE **DIS-APPEARED!** THE PUBLICITY'LL BE WORTH **MILLIONS!**

BEFORE YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH---IT'LL COST YOU 100%!

AND SO...

HMPH! SOMEBODY LIKE THAT GETS HIS NAME AND PICTURE IN THE PAPERS EVEN IF HE SNEEZES---BUT AS FOR **ME**...

EVENING WORLD
HONEYBOY ADAMS MISSING

FAMOUS SINGING STAR DISAPPEARS

---WITH ALL MY LOOKS, HOLLYWOOD DOESN'T EVEN GIVE ME A TUMBLE! I GOTTA TIE IN WITH A RUNDOWN ANIMAL ACT TO MAKE A LIVING IN TANK TOWNS!

DON'T WORRY, HILDA---OUR BREAK'LL COME! A SMART GAL LIKE YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND AN ANGLE!

NEXT NIGHT

PSST! DON'T LET A TRAINED APE ACT GO TA YER HEAD THAT WAY, JIT!

SO WHO CARES FROM APES? DIDJA EVER SEE SUCH A GORGEOUS **DOLL?**

YOU LOOKIN' AT THAT CRAZY KID WHO WAS GIVIN' YA THE EYE? IF YA WANT, I'LL FIX HIM SO'S---

FORGET IT---BUT I'VE **SEEN HIS FACE BEFORE!** LISTEN---HANG AROUND OUTSIDE, AND WHEN HE COMES OUT, **SNAP HIS PICTURE!** I

SORTA GOT A HUNCH---

WITH THE PICTURE DEVELOPED...

SO WHAT? I THINK YER **NUTS**, HILDA---I DON'T SEE ANY RESEMBLANCE!

OH, **NO?** JUST GIVE ME A PENCIL---AND LET ME GET TO WORK ON THAT LITTLE JERK'S PICTURE!

HOLY SMOKE! IT'S THE SAME FACE!

SO **THAT'S** WHERE HONEYBOY ADAMS DISAPPEARED TO! SHAVED HIS MOUSTACHE AND IS POSING AS A **TEEN-AGER!** THE WHOLE THING'S A PHONY PUBLICITY DODGE!

AND HE'LL PAY PLENTY NOT TO HAVE IT FOUND OUT! THE FIRST THING TO DO IS GET NEXT TO HIM---AND THEN **WATCH LITTLE HILDA GO TO TOWN!**

NEXT DAY...AT THE SODA JERKERIE...

LEMME AT 'ER!
NO GLAMOR-GAL'S
GONNA MAKE SWEET
TALK WITH MY
SNUGGLE-BUNNY!



SH-HHH! SHE'S
AN ACTRESS...
JUST RAN INTO
JIT ACCIDENT-
ALLY HERE! SHE'S
TALKIN' TA HIM
'CUZ SHE THINKS
HE'S THE
BRAINY
TYPE!



WELL, IN **THAT**
CASE...**OKAY!**
NO DAME WHO'S
DUMB ENOUGH
TO THINK **HE'S**
SMART CAN GIVE
ME ANY COM-
PETITION!

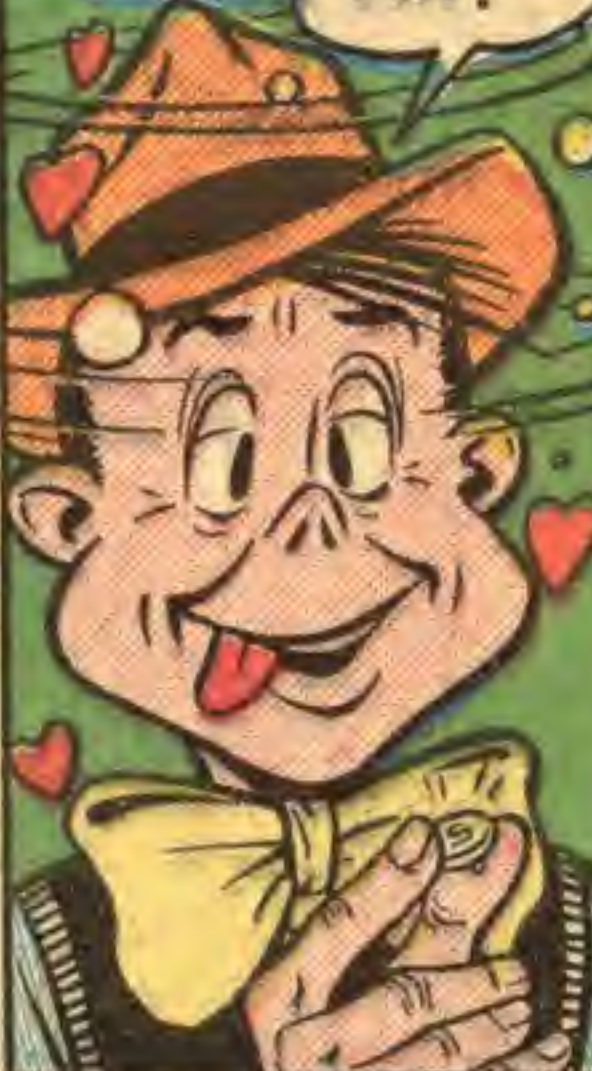


YA MEAN...YA MEAN
YA NOTICED ME AT
THE SHOW...AND
TRACKED ME DOWN
HERE? B-BUT
WHY?

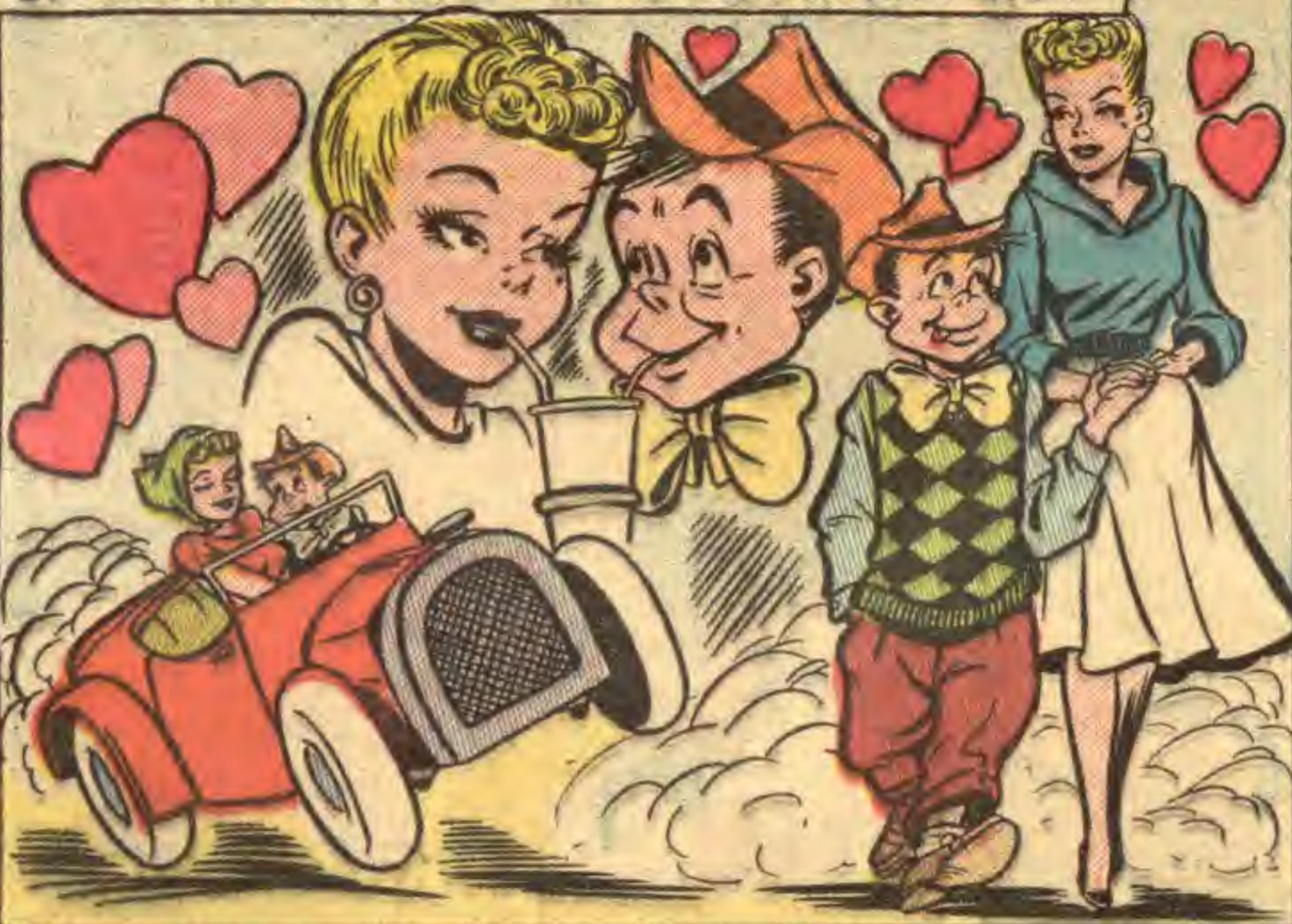


CAN'T YOU
GUESS?

YES...NO...I MEAN
...LOOK, HILDA!
WOULDJA...WOULDJA
WEAR MY CAMPUS
STINKERS' FRAT
PIN?



IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A NEW AND SECRET LIFE FOR JIT...



HE KEEPS ON ACT-
ING THE PART OF A
TEEN-AGER...BUT
THAT GOOFY LOOK
IN HIS EYES **ISN'T**
ACTING! TIM, THAT
LITTLE DOPE'S
FALLING FOR ME
...AND **MARRYING**
HIM'LL PAY OFF MORE
THAN BLACKMAIL!



HUH? YOU...
MARRY **HONEY-**
BOY ADAMS?
WELL...IF ANY-
BODY CAN PULL
IT OFF, **YOU**
CAN! **GO TO**
IT, HILDA!



AND SO...HILDA WENT TO IT!

YOU'RE SO STRONG...SO
MASTERFUL...SO **ROMANTIC!**
I'LL BET A ROMEO-TYPE LIKE
YOU HAS A **WONDERFUL**
VOICE! PLEASE...**SING**
TO ME!



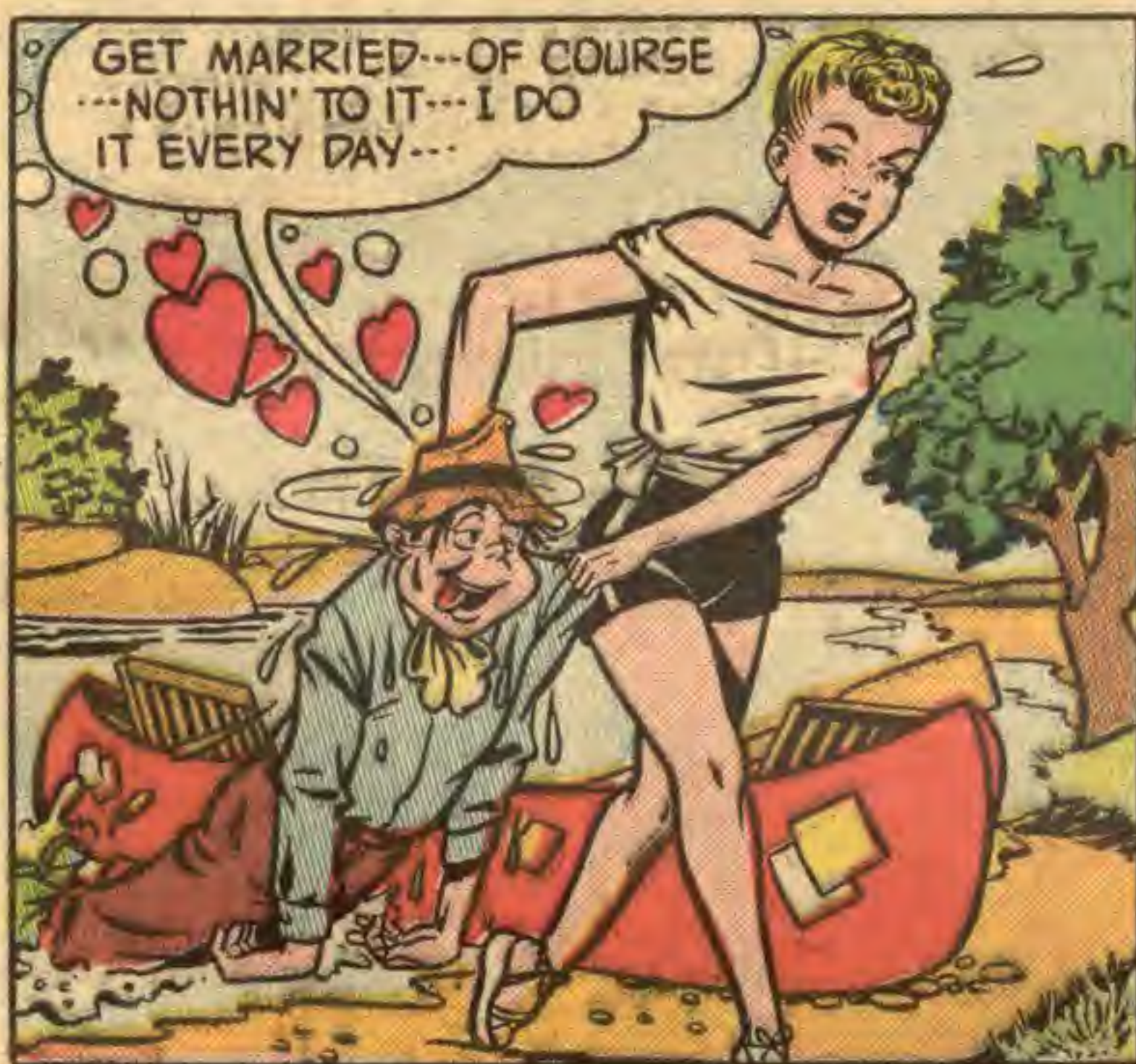
M-ME...**SING?**
WELL GOSH, OKAY
...IF YA **WANT**
ME TO!



I LUV YOU...I LA-HUV
YOU...I...



ER...
THAT'S ENOUGH!
ANYWAY, THERE'S
SOMETHING I'D
MUCH RATHER
DO...





AND NOW THAT I'VE LEFT JUVENILE THINGS BEHIND ME---P-PRACTICALLY REACHED MAN'S STATURE---WELL---I MEAN---WELL---

WILL YOU OR WILL YOU **NOT** GET TO THE POINT? YOU **CRAZY** OR SOME-THING?



IT'S JUST THAT--- THAT I'VE COME TO A CROSSROADS IN MY LIFE---MAN'S STATURE AN' ALL THAT SORTA STUFF ---AND I--- I---

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY ANY MORE, SON! I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER---AND I GUESS IT'S ABOUT TIME! THE ANSWER'S **YES!**



ZOWIE!
THAT'S WONDERFUL!
YIPPEEE!



WELL? WHAT DID HE SAY? WHAT DID HE DO?

ER---I GUESS HE DIDN'T QUITE UNDER-**STAND!** HE **RAISED MY ALLOWANCE 50¢ A WEEK!**



THAT EVENING---

I CAN'T LET YOU TAKE ME TO THE COUNTRY CLUB DANCE, COOKIE! AFTER ALL, WE'RE NOT OLD ENOUGH!

NOT OLD ENOUGH! WELL, GOSH---I'M AS OLD AS **JIT**--- AN' HE'S OLD ENOUGH TA BE THINKIN' ABOUT GETTIN' **MARRIED!**



JIT--- MARRIED? WHY, THAT--- THAT'S **CRAZY!** WHO'S HE GOING TO MARRY?

ULP! LOOK, ALREADY I SAID TOO MUCH! HE'S PLANNIN' ON MARRYIN' A CERTAIN PARTY--- AN' YOU GOTTA PROMISE YA WON'T SAY NOTHIN' ABOUT IT!



WELL, ANGELPUSS MEANT WELL---BUT WHAT WOMAN CAN KEEP A **SECRET?** SO---

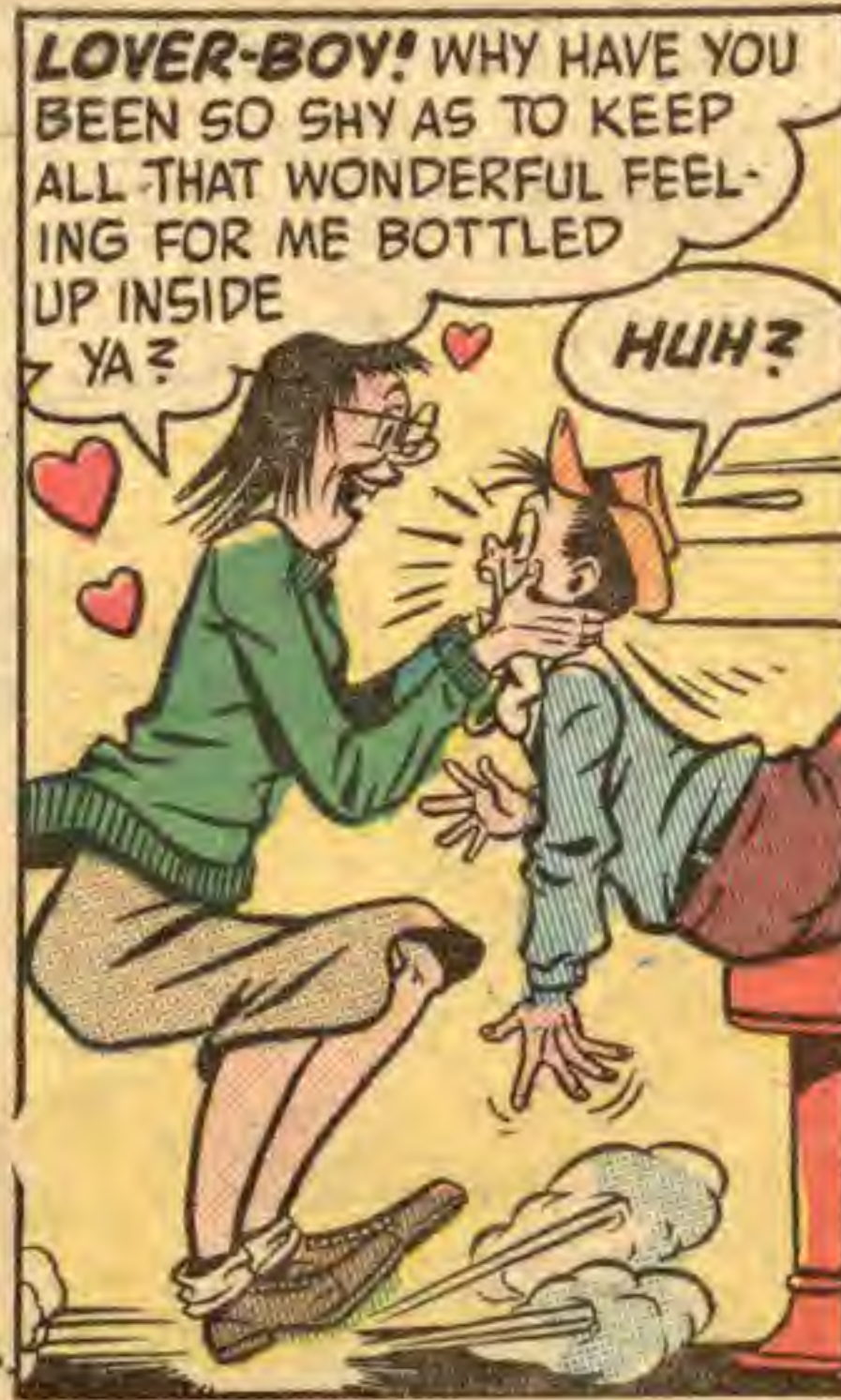
I WOULDN'T FOOL YOU, PANSY---I JUST HEARD LAST NIGHT! **JIT'S** THINKING OF MARRYING **YOU**, PANSY! AFTER ALL, WHAT **OTHER** GIRL WOULD HAVE---I MEAN, YOU **KNOW** HOW MUCH HE THINKS OF YOU!

WODDEYA KNOW! I'M GOIN' DOWN TO THE **SODA JERKERIE** RIGHT NOW AND LET THE DEAR BOY KNOW THAT **HIS BLUSHING BRIDE AWAITS!**



YESSIR---I WANT ALL YOU FELLAS TA KNOW THAT I GOT A BABE WOT'S **SOLID** ---AN' **WOTTA DOLL!** A **PIP!** YOU'LL BE HEAR-IN' THINGS SOON, TOO!

WHY NOT TELL 'EM **NOW?**--- HE'S TALKIN' ABOUT **ME**, BOYS!



LOVER-BOY! WHY HAVE YOU BEEN SO SHY AS TO KEEP ALL THAT WONDERFUL FEELING FOR ME BOTTLED UP INSIDE YA?

HUH?



WELL, I WANT THE **WORLD** TO KNOW! I'M **YOURS--YOUR MINE!**



YER **NUTS**, PANSY--AN' YA ALWAYS WERE! LOOK, I GOT A GAL WOT **IS** A GAL--SO I WANTCHA TA GET OUTA MY LIFE, SEE? **SCRAM!**

OH, YOU DON'T REALLY **MEAN** THAT-- YOU'RE JUST **KIDDIN'**! YOU--YOU GOTTA BE!



ANYWAY, I WAS--JUST TRYIN' FOR LAUGHS! YEAH--HA-HA-- THAT'S IT--

GOLDURN IT, YA DIDN'T HAFTA BE SO **HARD** ON HER!

AW, KIN I HELP IT IF SHE BARGES IN LIKE THAT ALLA TIME? GOLLY--



A SHORT WHILE LATER--

HEY, JIT--IT'S A **DAME!** WANTS TA TALK WITH HER DARLIN' JITTERBUCK!



PANSY AGAIN! TELL 'ER TA BLOW--I WOULDN'T TAKE UP WITH **HER** IF SHE WAS THE LAST GAL ON EARTH!



WHEN THE MESSAGE WAS CONVEYED--

WHY, THAT **LITTLE DRIP!** HE'S **JILTED** ME! OKAY, NOW WE'LL HAFTA PLAY IT **ROUGH!** I'VE STILL GOT ANOTHER LITTLE IDEA--AND **THIS** ONE **CAN'T MISS!**



NEXT DAY--HILDA PUT HER LITTLE IDEA INTO WORK!

OKAY--**PULL OVER** TO THE SIDE, YOU TWO!

HUH?



GOSH, IT'S NICE SEEIN' YOU, HILDA! I **ULP!** THAT **G-GUN--**

GET OUT-- NO LITTLE JERK'S GONNA MAKE A FOOL OUTA **ME!**

AND JUST SO'S **YOU** WONT GET IN THE WAY--



--I'LL TAKE CARE OF **YOU NOW!**

BONK!



WE'RE TAKING YOU WHERE THINGS'LL BE NICE AND COZY!



THERE! I ROCKED IT OVER... NOW TA SEE IF I CAN SAVE JIT!



JIT'S POPCORN! HE'S LEFT A TRAIL FER ME TA FOLLOW!



Later...

THAT'S RIGHT, ANGEL... SHE **KIDNAPPED** 'IM! I FOLLOWED TA 413 ELM STREET...TRIED PHONIN' THE POLICE,BUT THE LINE WAS BUSY!

UH-HUH...I'LL PHONE THEM...YES... YOU SAY SHE SAID **WHAT?** OH...WELL...YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL UNTIL **HELP** COMES, COOKIE!



SO I DON'T CARE IF HE **IS** KIDNAPPED! AFTER THE WAY HE TREATED **ME**...

YES,BUT HE'S IN **DANGER**,PANSY! COOKIE TELLS ME SHE SAID NO LITTLE JERK WAS GOING TO MAKE A FOOL OUT OF HER...



WHAT! NOBODY,BUT **NOBODY** CAN CALL **MY** EVER-LOVIN' OVEN A **JERK!** NEVER MIND CALLIN' THE COPS...THIS IS **MY** FIGHT, AND I DON'T WANT NO OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE! **LET'S GO!**



MEANWHILE, JIT IS A SOLITARY PRISONER...

I CAN'T BELIEVE WOT HAPPENED... AN' HILDA **COULDN'T** O' SAID SUCH THINGS TA **ME!** I MUST BE A **DIFFERENT PERSON!**... I'D BETTER LOOK IN THE MIRROR AN' SEE...



ULP!



I---I BETTER TRY DOIN' SOMETHIN', TA SEE ---
AWK! IT CAN'T BE ---BUT IT IS!



THEN---

URK!

THANK GOSH!

OKAY, YOU ---LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!



LOOK, YER SNATCHED, SEE---AND YOU'LL PAY PLENTY IF YA EVER WANNA SEE **FREEDOM** AGAIN!

HILDA! YOU WOULDN'T DO THIS TA M-ME!

OH, NO? LISTEN, YA DRIP, I WASTED **ENOUGH** TIME ON YOU! EITHER FORK OVER A CHECK FOR 100,000 BERRIES---OR **ELSE!**



B-BUT ALL I GOT IS 5-SEVENTY-FIVE **CENTS!**

QUIT THE CORN, **HONEYBOY ADAMS!** ---HEY, TIM! MAYBE YA BETTER START WORKIN' HIM OVER! I'LL TURN ON THE TELEVISION LOUD ENOUGH SO NOBODY'LL HEAR!



YOU WON'T BE NO MATINEE IDOL WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH YA, **HONEYBOY!**

WAIT!... L-LOOK!



GREETINGS, **HONEYBOY ADAMS** ---AND **WELCOME BACK!** THE WHOLE COUNTRY'S BEEN WAITING FOR YOU ---WHERE'VE YOU BEEN HIDING?

THAT'S A LONG STORY! I JUST WANT MY FANS TO KNOW---**HONEYBOY'S BACK AND RARING TO GO!**



THAT'S ADAMS, ALL RIGHT! THEN---THEN WHO WAS THIS LITTLE CRUMBUN?

I DUNNO---BUT HE CAN SEND US UP ON A KIDNAP RAP! I THINK WE BETTER **LIQUIDATE HIM--- NOW!**

OH-OH!



NOT MY PAL, YA DON'T!

OOF!

THUD!



THE END!

EXTRA

The Daily Nooz

"THE KILROYS" HITS NEW HIGH IN READERSHIP

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EXTRA

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